
The Appeal of Poetry

by

Donald G. French

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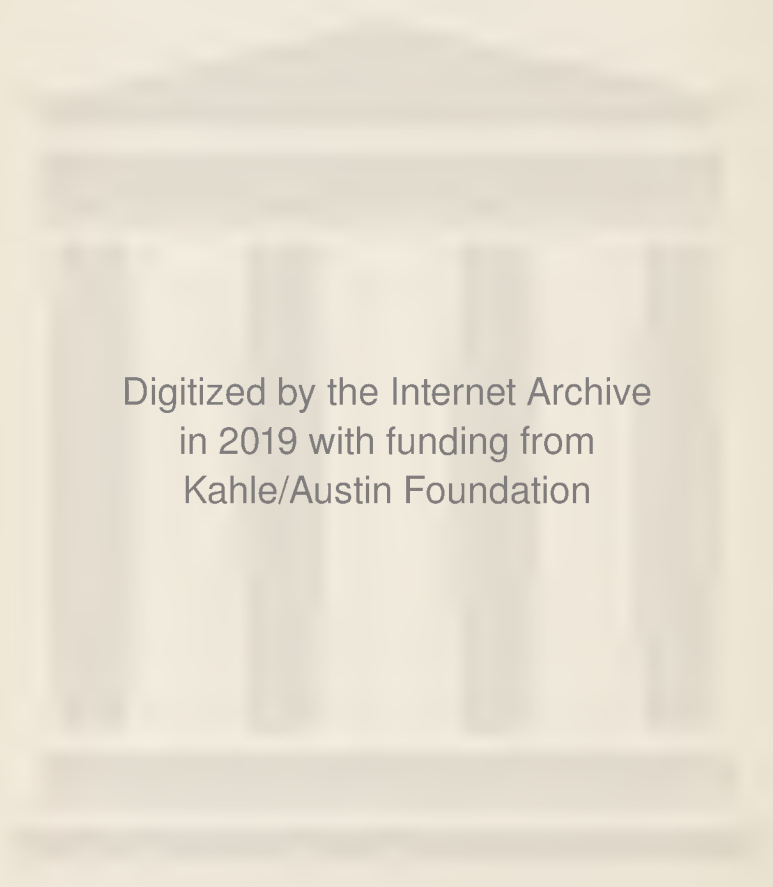
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The Appeal of Poetry

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Donald G. French

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Contents

	PAGE
1. Making Us See	11
2. Making Us Hear	21
3. Making Us Feel	29
4. The Music of It	37
5. Contrast	47
6. Atmosphere	57
7. Orchestral Effects	67
8. Poem Tunes	81
9. Rhyme and Reason	89
10. Verse Without Rhyme	97
11. Figures of Speech	103
12. Nature in Poetry	113
Biographical Notes and Biblio- graphy	131
Anthologies and Selections	137

The Appeal of Poetry

Short Studies

in the Appreciation of Poetry

with References and Illustrative Examples

Selected Chiefly

from the Works of Canadian Poets

1. Making Us See

The Appeal of Poetry

I. MAKING US SEE



HE that hath eyes to see, let him see." That is, in a great measure, the message of the poet to us. The poet is the great observer, and not only does he see things as they are objectively—he sees them in their relation to the soul of man; he sees their spiritual significance.

And so it happens that the poet very often reaches our souls through the eye of imagination by appealing to our sense of the beautiful. If we wished to discuss this matter very learnedly, we might talk of the philosophy of "aesthetics" but you (and I) will find it simpler to consider the commoner word "beauty" as covering what we mean. Don't ask for a definition of beauty—

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

you realize instinctively what it means. You recognize beauty of color and grace of form, the charm of sweet sounds and the pleasing appeal of scented breezes—beauty's own essence impresses itself upon you from every direction even though you remain passive and motionless.

In saying that the poet "sees things" we mean it to be inferred that he has the power also to make us see. Not that he is a mere painter. William Hazlitt, that excellent English critic of a past century, in comparing painting with poetry says: "Painting gives the object itself; poetry what it implies. Painting embodies what a thing contains in itself; poetry suggests what exists out of it, in any manner connected with it."

This, then is the principal reason for the use of word-pictures in poetry, for the frequency with which poets turn to Nature for their illustrations: The concrete picture stirs the imagination; it starts the mental processes by which there is a re-assembling of past sights,

MAKING US SEE

impressions and experiences “existing out of” and “connected with” the thing pictured.

The poet does not concern himself with the analytical detail of the scientist, nor even with the idealistic detail of the painter. If he wishes us to see the rose, he does not measure the size of its pistils nor count its petals—he will tell us, “My love’s like a red, red rose,” and the picture, so far as he is concerned, is complete; we must supply the details for ourselves.

To illustrate this point we quote Bliss Carman’s

Now the spring is in the town,
Now the wind is in the tree,
And the wintered keels go down
To the calling of the sea.

Out from mooring, dock and slip
Through the harbor buoys they glide,
Drawing seaward till they dip
To the swirling of the tide.

One by one, and two by two,
Down the channel turns they go,
Steering for the open blue
Where the salty, great airs blow.

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

Craft of many a build and trim,
Every stitch of sail unfurled,
Till they hang upon the rim
Of the azure ocean world.

Who has ever, man or boy,
Seen the sea, all flecked with gold,
And not longed to go with joy
Forth upon adventures bold?

Who could bear to stay indoor
Now the wind is in the street,
For the creaking of the oar
And the tugging of the sheet?

Now the spring is in the town,
Who would not a rover be,
When the wintered keels go down
To the calling of the sea?

—*The Sailing of the Fleets.*

Doesn't Bliss Carman make you see here the outgoing fleets—see them so clearly that it stirs up in you the longing to fare forth upon the adventurous voyage of the rover? Is there any special spiritual significance? As to that I do not favor "reading in" applications that may not have been intended. The most we can say as to the actual thought suggested is that we are made to feel the in-

MAKING US SEE

spiring power of spring, the call to adventure forth upon new voyages, whether upon the ocean azure, or upon the vast ocean of the unexplored regions of the soul.

But the poem shows clearly the use of the picturing power to make you see things, and this is chiefly to make you feel, although your sense of the beautiful should be regaled by the charm of the descriptive passages.

Just observe how much is suggested and how little really told (a characteristic of fine artistry in poetry)—“The spring is in the town” is a very bald statement, but isn’t it enough? Can’t you imagine the rest? “The wintered keels,”—how broad what the expression visualizes in comparison with the actual “face value” of the words. Then to come to the actual fleet—what are the vessels like? “Craft of many a build and trim,”—beautifully vague, but do we need anything more definite? Picture them—all the ships you have ever seen

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

or fancied—away out there on the horizon—"the rim of the azure ocean world."

Examine the following quotations closely, visualizing the images, that is, seeing them for yourself "in your mind's eye."

1. When, as a lad at break of day
I watched the fishers sail away,
My thoughts, like flocking birds, would follow
Across the curving sky's blue hollow,
And on, and on,
Into the very heart of dawn!
—From *When As A Lad*, by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.
2. We used to fear the lonely road
That twisted round the hill;
It dipped down to the river-way,
And passed the haunted mill,
And then it crept on until it reached
The churchyard green and still.
—From *The Lonely Road*, by Virna Sheard.
3. Wind-silvered willows hedge the stream
And all within is hushed and cool.
The water in an endless dream,
Goes sliding down from pool to pool.
And every pool a sapphire is,
From shadowy deep to sunlit edge,
Ribbioned around with irises
And cleft with emerald spears of sedge.
—From *Dream River*, by Marjorie Pickthall.

MAKING US SEE

4. Dawn!
Gold-minted—
The monarch of the morn,
Awake—
Shadows withdrawn,
A sheet of glass rose-tinted—
The Lake!
—From ? by E. J. Pratt.

“He that hath eyes to see, let him see.” In reading poetry, get the pictures in your mind’s eye if you want to get the good of the poem.

2. Making Us Hear

2. MAKING US HEAR.



HE that hath ears to hear,
let him hear." This, too, is
a part of the poet's message. In
Bliss Carman's *Sailing of
The Fleets* we found many pictures to
visualize, but there are also many sounds
which the poet wishes us to hear. He
breathes the airiness of the spring by
his references to "the wind in the tree,"
and "wind in the street." He stirs up
the sailor spirit of the indoor dweller by
making him hear

The creaking of the oar,
And the tugging of the sheet.

Turning to Lampman, that splendid
interpreter of Canadian Nature, we dis-
cover in many sonnets and other poems
the poet's endeavor to make us hear
with him the voices of field and wood.

To-day all throats are touched with life's full
treasure;
Even the blackbirds in yon leafless tree,

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

Wheezing and squeaking in discordant glee,
Make shift to sing, and, full of pensive pleasure,
Here the bold robin sits, and at his leisure
Whistles and warbles disconnectedly.

Across the steaming meadows all day long,
I hear the murmur of the frogs. In schools
Shy, harping lizards pipe about the pools.
From hedge and roof and many a garden gate,
The cheery sparrow still repeats his song,
So clear, so silver and so delicate.

—From *April Voices*.

A widely different aspect of nature is heard in *Storm Voices* by the same writer. We listen to the tempest as it:

Wakens round the whistling height;
And all the winds, like loosened hounds take flight
With bay and holloo.

The woods far out are roaring in their might.
The curtains sway; the rafters creak and strain.

If this attempt of the poet to make you hear has not presented itself forcibly to you before, you will get much more out of poetry by keeping it in mind. Try to hear what the poet hears.

The appreciation and enjoyment of poetry consists largely in visualizing the mental images in the mind of the poet—and we want to use the term “mental im-

MAKING US HEAR

ages" in its broadest sense. We will apply it not only to things seen but to all sense impressions which impinge themselves upon our consciousness. Thus we have "mental images" conveyed through each of the senses—images of sights, sounds, odors; images originating out of the taste and out of the touch.

Consider the appeal to the various senses in these excerpts, and endeavor to re-create the images.

1. Oft in the summer mornings
When she strips the nets of fish,
The smell of the dripping net-twine
Gives to her heart a wish.

.

The reek of rock-built cities
Where her fathers dwelt of yore.

.

She wakes in the stifling wigwam.
—From *The Half-Breed Girl*, by Duncan Campbell Scott.

2. Under the young moon's slender shield
With the wind's cool lips on mine,
I went home from the Rabbity Field
As the clocks were striking nine.
—From *Going Home*, by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

3. It is the English in me that loves the soft wet
weather—
The cloud upon the mountain, the mist upon
the sea,
The sea-gull flying low and near with rain upon
each feather,
The scent of deep green woodlands where the
buds are breaking free.
—From *Wet Weather*, by Isabel Ecclestone Mac-
kay.
4. O, a lush green English meadow—it's there
that I would lie—
A skylark singing overhead, scarce present to
the eye,
And a row of wind-blown poplars against an
English sky.
—From *The Poplars*, by Bernard Freeman Trot-
ter.
5. A gentle breath—a sudden air
Of sleeping things,
Of rustling wings—
A restless wonder in the air—
A robin's voice. . . .
—From *The Birth of Spring*, by Francis
Callaghan.

The visualizing of these images, be they of sights, sounds, tastes, or what, must go beyond the mere surface "image" and grasp the expansive wealth of associated images, suggestions and ideas that arise out of the poet's picturing.

MAKING US HEAR

Further, it must go beyond all that and penetrate to the inner significance and gather the meaning of it all to the human soul and especially its application to one's own individual needs. Only then will "the echoes" of the poet "roll from soul to soul."

3. Making Us Feel

3. MAKING US FEEL



MORE than everything, the aim of the true poet is to make us feel. You may say that novelists and other writers write for the purpose of making us feel; but the statement is not so fully true as in the case of the poet. We've been talking about the way the poet makes us see things with the eye of the imagination, how he makes us hear, even how he brings a tingle to our palates and sweet perfume to our nostrils by waving a wand of fairy words. All this—all the appeal to our various senses—is in order to reach something that lies away in the inner consciousness, to reach our emotions, to make us *feel*.

Suppose that in the capacity of a scientist, you undertake to study a flower. You pick it to pieces, count its petals, its stamens and pistils, trace it by the table of identification to its exact place in the

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

flora of the world—how much real feeling is stirred up within your soul? But if you go into the garden and feast your eyes upon the symmetry and beautiful coloring of the rose, and apprehend sensitively its sweetness, you are stirred from your cold, calculating business-like attitude of mind—for the nonce, you are a poet.

Now, when the poet presents to you imaginatively the picture of a beautiful rose he desires to make you feel again the emotions of those moments in the garden. Perhaps he, because better able to express such feelings than you are, will enable you to realize more fully what your feeling really was. He may make you better able to interpret your own experiences. So when you read his poem, don't approach it with the stand-off attitude of viewing a performance at a circus, but try to realize that what the poet has experienced and felt, is something which you, too, either have experienced or may experience, that the

MAKING US FEEL

accompanying emotion is just as much a possession of yours as of the poet's.

Whenever I ponder over this particular topic, the figure of old Shylock obtrudes itself, because old Shylock has helped me to a better understanding of this very point. You may remember the trial scene in *The Merchant of Venice*, when Shylock is asked to give some explanation of his "Strange, apparent cruelty," of his unseemingly malice against the gentlemanly Antonio. His answer is an elucidation of his assertion that "affection, mistress of passion, sways it to the mood of what it likes or loathes." Of course, affection, in the Shakespearian sense, covers more than it means to-day; it signifies feelings generally, while "passion" has more the force of our word "emotions." Here is the quotation:

Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
Some, when they hear a bagpipe; for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer;

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

As there is no firm reason to be rendered,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless, necessary cat;
Why he, a woollen bagpipe; but of force
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio. . . .

What Shylock brings out for me very clearly is the fact that outward circumstances affect strongly our inward emotions, although I do not wish you to infer that we cannot give cause very often for the particular emotion engendered. There is, in fact, almost always some definite relation between the emotions resulting and the circumstances or conditions presented by the poet. It is part of the poet's art to know how to produce the required effects with his material.

What emotions may the poet arouse? Well, Tennyson speaks of us as myriad-minded, and the shades and classifications of our feelings are certainly complex and not growing any less complex

MAKING US FEEL

with the progress of the ages. We may however, suggest a few illustrations. If you read Roberts' *Ode to the Canadian Confederacy* with the preconceived idea that the poet's object was to make you *feel* something as a result of that reading, I do not know how you can escape being filled with a courageous and hopeful patriotism. Read Lampman's *Winter Uplands* with a spirit of receptiveness and you cannot fail to feel the sublime loneliness of the scene. *Malcolm's Katie* by Isabel Valancy Crawford, will make you feel the rich beauty of the Canadian woods from season to season. R. W. Service in his best verse will jar your soul till it strikes a response in the "wander-fever" feeling that comes down to you from the pre-civilization, nomadic habits of your ancestors.

4. The Music of It

4. THE MUSIC OF IT



HERE was a time when the relation between poetry and music was more evident to the unobservant than it is to-day. When the early bards sang their ballads to the accompaniment of some musical instrument, or even without such accompaniment, the singing quality of the verse was patent to the listeners. The printing press has changed all that—changed it so that we now read poetry to ourselves, very often with little consideration as to the sound of it; and we hear songs sung nowadays without noticing any resemblance to the poems which have reached our inner intelligence chiefly through the eye.

Forgetting the fundamental principle of poetic form, the scholastics and pedants have wrought out wondrously fantastic systems of versification involving a multitude of technical terms and

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

requiring the use of diagrams which rival those of an inventor planning some complex machine. And the pity of it all is that it doesn't help us in the least in enjoying the essential quality of poetic form—the singing quality, the music of it.

Now, it does not require a course of musical training on your part to enable you to appreciate the music of poetry. Very few persons are so defective in musical sense as not to be able to distinguish the fundamental difference between noise and music. Both are the product of sound; but in the one case the sounds are irregular in occurrence and unrelated in tone. In the other the sounds recur with a certain regularity of interval and are governed by certain laws as to length and grouping.

If you will begin by reading a verse of some familiar song, writing it down and then reading it aloud to get the swing of the tune, without any regard to the pitch of the different notes, you

THE MUSIC OF IT

will be able to realize what is meant by the music of poetry. Even if you are not particularly fond of music, or familiar with it, you will be able to recognize the difference between an Irish jig or a Scottish strathspey; you can readily distinguish the dreamy music of the waltz from the ragtime of a negro melody.

How do we obtain these different musical effects? In brief, we get slow, solemn music by using long notes and few in a group; we get a lively effect from using shorter notes and more of them in a group. Precisely the same thing is true in poetry; long vowels and short measures are in keeping with verse of dignity and deep thought; longer measures with shorter vowel sounds produce a form of metre suitable to lighter themes.

When I begin to talk of metre in poetry, even to persons who are supposed to have made a comprehensive study of English poetry, I find that most of them have given no thought to its connection

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

with music. The simplicity of the laws of rhythm (or metre) is such that any person may grasp their significance in a moment. We have spoken of music as arranging sounds in successive and related groups. The basis of this grouping is the time required for the utterance or production of the sounds. And—speaking now of vocal sounds—since the vocal chords are not capable of uttering a continuous stream of sounds of equal strength, we have formed the habit of using greater force or stress in the utterance of some syllables, and easing the voice, as it were, on others. Thus, the whole basis of English versification rests upon two laws:

(1) The arranging of sounds into time-groups;

(2) The stressing of syllables at regular intervals.

Suppose we examine a few extracts of verse for their musical quality. Note these lines from *Collect for Dominion Day*, by C. G. D. Roberts as an exam-

THE MUSIC OF IT

ple of the stately music. Read it carefully and note how your voice marks off the syllable-groups by stressing certain syllables. Compare the second extract, *The Ballad of Crossing the Brook*, and list if your ear does not catch the light-someness of the song.

I.

Father of nations! Help of the feeble hand!
Strength of the strong! to whom the nations
kneel!
Stay and destroyer, at whose just command
Earth's kingdom tremble, and her empires reel!

II.

Oh, it was a dainty maiden that went a-Maying in
the morn;
A dainty, dainty maiden of degree.
The ways she took were merry, and the ways she
missed forlorn;
And the laughing water tinkled to the sea.

Of course, if you desire to study poetry closely, it will be well for you to make a careful examination of the various metrical forms which are used, but if you seize firmly this broad idea of the singing quality, and, bearing it in mind, habitually read poetry aloud so as to

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

hear its music, you will find a greatly added enjoyment in your reading. In closing this section, I leave with some delightfully musical stanzas:

1. By light o' the moon at the gray cairn stone,
 A wondrous sight you'll see;
By light o' the moon when the Banshee's croon
 Faint comes o'er moor and lea!
Weird cloud-shades hurry athwart the sky,
 The drowsy glens are still,
And the march you'll see of the Sluag-Sidhe
 (Slua Shee),
 By light o' the moon on the hill.
—From *Irish Lyrics and Ballads*, by James B. Dollard.

2. O, some have willow baskets a-swinging in their
 hold,
And some have hawthorn-honey in pots all of
 gold,
And some have seeds of moonwort and thyme
 and rosemary
For the little island children that are weary of
 the sea.
—From *Song* by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.

3. O, west of all the westward roads that woo ye to
 their winding,
O, south of all the southward ways that call
 ye to the sea,
There's a lonely little garden that would pay
 ye for the finding,
With a fairy ring within it and an old thorn
 tree.
—From *Wanderlied*, by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.

THE MUSIC OF IT

4. "Spring o' the year! Spring o' the year!"

Was there ever a song so gay,

As the song the meadow-lark sings to me

When we meet in the fields each day.

—From *Spring O' The Year*, by Jean Blewett.

5. Contrast

5. CONTRAST



HERE is within us all, however conservative may be our minds, an innate abhorrence of monotony. The land of the Lotos Eaters where "all things always seemed the same" may appeal to us when we are fatigued with the stress of life, but I fear me, we would soon tire of it. I believe it is an established fact that the terrible sameness of the great white wastes of the north, the seemingly never-ending flatness of the prairie, are alone sufficient to drive men and women into insanity. Mankind naturally demands contrast and seeks variety of occupation for the senses— sight, hearing, etc.—which are the gateway to the mind and the approaches to the soul.

Perhaps the simplest illustration of our appreciation of the principle of contrast is our mode of dress. The young lady who chose a postage stamp of a cer-

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

tain color because it would match her dress, no doubt at the same time observed the law of contrast by wearing a feather of a different color on her hat, or adding to some accessory of her apparel that touch of difference which would break the monotony. The blacker the gentleman wears his suit, the whiter must he have his tie and bosom. And the poet understands to the limit the necessity for employing the principle of contrast in his writings.

In so far as the poet is a painter he uses color-contrast freely. Notice how this is done by Lampman in *The Little Hand-Maiden*:

She bound her head with a band of BLUE,
And a garland of lilies sweet;
And put on her delicate silken shoes,
With roses on both her feet.
She clad her body in spotless WHITE,
With a girdle as RED as blood;
The glad WHITE raiment her beauty bound,
As the sepals bind the bud.

Again in a poem by Isabella Valancy Crawford, in which she has compared

CONTRAST

the night to a startled stag, we find abundant use of color, but I would call your attention particularly to the effective "black and white" picture effects produced by the employment of color-contrast.

The PALE, PALE moon, a SNOW-WHITE doe,
Bounds by his dappled flank;
They beat the STARS as down they go,
Like wood bells growing rank.
The winds lift dewlaps from the ground,
Leap from the quaking reeds;
Their hoarse bays shake the forests round
With keen cries on the track they bound—
Swift, swift the DARK stag speeds!
Away! his WHITE doe, far behind,
Lies wounded on the plain;
Yells at his flank the nimblest wind,
His large tears fall in rain;
Like lily-pads, small clouds grow WHITE
About his DARKLING way;
From his bald nest upon the height
The red-eyed eagle sees his flight;
He falters, turns, the antlered NIGHT—
The DARK stag stands at bay!

The poet uses also contrasted ideas. We quote again the exquisite love-lyric by Miss Crawford, from that splendid pioneer epic *Malcolm's Katie*. Ob-

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

serve that here is also color-contrast, but what I want you to notice especially is the contrasted ideas of the foundation of love—the sea, the sand, the cloud and the land. And it is this contrast of ideas employed distinctly in each stanza of the poem that gives it much of its beauty.

O Love builds on the azure SEA,
And Love builds on the golden SAND,
And Love builds on the rose-winged CLOUD,
And sometimes Love builds on the LAND!

O Love will build his lily walls,
And Love his pearly roof will rear
On cloud, or land, or mist, or sea—
Love's solid land is everywhere!

We might go further and point out contrasts in the appeal made to our sense of hearing, both by the employment of contrasted sounds and by the mental presentation of different kinds of sounds. We might mention also that contrasts may be found in the movement of the lines in the same poem. For instance, in the poem from which we have just quoted there is a passage which

CONTRAST

describes Katie running quickly over the floating logs in the river. The words employed, the adjustment of the pauses, makes it impossible to read these lines slowly. Thus, the movement of the verses is made to harmonize with the meaning of the particular passage, just as later when Katie is recovered from the river apparently lifeless, the movement becomes slow and solemn, in contrast with that of the preceding portion. Then, too, we find contrast in moods—joy balanced with sadness, hope with despair, love with hatred. You can, if you have understood this little talk on contrast, find added beauties in the poems you may have read. Bear in mind that a poem can discover new beauties to you with every re-reading, and that if it is not worth reading twice, thrice, and many times, it is not worth your time for the first reading.

Let me ask you also not to be governed in your reading by that narrow, pedantic theory that a poet must be dead

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

a hundred years or so before you can say whether or not his verses are worth reading. We have many Canadian poets whose works should be made as familiar to you as those of Tennyson, or Browning or Longfellow. I do not mean that they should supersede the recognized masters of English literature, and yet, I contend that they demand your attention, that is if you wish to have that knowledge of literature that every Canadian lover of good books should have.

Some further illustrations of contrast:—

Color contrast:

1. Beauty shall view herself in pools of AMBER
SHEEN
Dappled with PEACOCK-TINTS from the
GREEN screen
That mingles LIQUID LIGHT with LIQUID
SHADOW.

—From *Ode For The Keats Centenary*, by Duncan Campbell Scott.

2. Enter the temple beautiful! The house not
made with hands!
Rain-washed and GREEN, wind-swept and
clean,

CONTRAST

Beneath the BLUE it stands,
And no cathedral anywhere
Seemeth so holy or so fair.

—From *The Temple*, by Virna Sheard.

3. Praise God for blessings great and small,
For garden bloom and orchard store,
The CRIMSON vine upon the wall,
The GREEN and GOLD of maples tall,
For harvest-field and threshing floor.

—From *A Song of Harvest Home*, by Jean
Blewett.

4. And here a flower is gypsy RED and there a
flower is YELLOW
And here a cluster-flower is BLUE that has a
tale to tell O.
The YELLOW spray is at my feet and by it
blows the RED,
But the frail, BLUE trumpets at my breast are
blaring what he said.

—From *The Horizon*, by Mary Josephine Ben-
son.

Contrasted ideas:

1. There walketh one with winged feet
As gilded air he trod,
Where ninety trudge the common street
In creaking leather shod.
There stayeth one with eyes that see
Where ninety pause astare
At sign of smokeless burning tree,
Or writing in the air.
—From *The Poet*, by Mary Josephine Benson.

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

2. As dolphins love the waves and hawks the air
And moths, the light and, blindly, moles the
earth.

—From *Words*, by Mary Josephine Benson.

Contrasted settings:

The Hemlock and the Cedar,
The Spruce and monarch Pine,
Waved o'er the tents of Kedar
Where now the harvests shine.

From Highland cot and Lowland
The wrested o'er the seas,
They left their homes for No-land—
A land of lakes and trees.

—From *Ontario*, by J. Lewis Milligan.

Contrast of nature with mood:

Ripples that run so gladly
To the sands of the broken shore,
I wish that I knew your meaning
And I would ask no more.

My heart is bitter with sorrow
For the years that are long gone,
And there is consolation
That I may dwell upon.

—From *By The Shore*, by Duncan Campbell Scott.

6. Atmosphere

6. ATMOSPHERE



JUST as we use the device of contrast in dress, we employ also, and to a greater extent, the device of harmony. The carefully dressed woman has always taken thought to have various articles of her apparel a "proper match." This device of harmony may be illustrated further by picturing to ourselves a home arranged for occasions of different import; say first, a festal gathering; then, to get entirely different surroundings, imagine it under the sad circumstance of death. You can readily realize the difference in the surroundings, the difference in the tone of everything, although the underlying background may remain the same. The details of decoration, of dress, of many exterior and apparently petty things are of an entirely opposite nature under the different conditions. Each is in keeping with the circumstanc-

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

es. It is this idea of the harmony of surroundings with mental moods which is the basis of what I have chosen to call "atmosphere" in poetry.

Let us carry the illustration a little farther. Imagine a sunny June day when the promise of spring has burst into blossom, and over against this put a memory picture of a gray, drizzly November sky, above a landscape of leafless trees. Need I ask you what mood a poet would wish to arouse to describe either aspect? Wouldn't you feel that there was something out of tune if he tried to make you luxuriously happy to the accompaniment of a "cold November rain?"

Unless we realize the value and effect of atmosphere in a poem, we are likely to find frequently much apparently superfluous and extraneous matter in poetry. We have to understand that the poet is quite justified in describing scenes and conditions, not because it is so necessary that we should realize these

ATMOSPHERE

scenes imaginatively but because it is necessary to produce effects—to create an atmosphere appropriate to the mood of the poem. I remember very well a student who could appreciate the speeches and incidents of a play of Shakespeare which he was studying, because there always seemed to be a why and a wherefore for anything said or done—he could measure it up by his knowledge of human motives; but the same student “couldn’t see any sense” in Tennyson, wherever Tennyson’s atmospheric setting (as we may call it) seemed to him to add nothing in the way of tangible facts or ideas dealing with the main theme. His whole difficulty was that he had not been trained to recognize the use of atmosphere in poetry.

I hope we are now ready to examine intelligently some extracts illustrative of our topic. Here are some stanzas from a lyric by Isabella Valancy Crawford in which the descriptive epithets, such as “lilied” gown, eyes “water-brown”,

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

tresses “unbound”; and the figurative descriptions like “Buds that blossom by Mirth’s spring,” “Where the May scents and blossoms richly fling,” all combine to produce an appropriate atmosphere. Even the examples of contrast, “the angered swallow,” and “Laughter never comes a-nigh where men lay them down to die,” and “Nor will under stormy sky laughter’s airy music ring,” but serve to accentuate the effect of the atmosphere already created, because they give a tiny ripple from an opposing air current.

Laughter wears a liliated gown—
She is but a simple thing;
Laughter’s eyes are water-brown,
Ever glancing up and down
Like a wood-bird’s restless wing.

* * * *

Laughter hath light-tripping feet—
She is but a simple thing;
Ye may often Laughter meet
In the hayfield, gilt and sweet,
Where the mowers jest and sing.

* * * *

Laughter never comes a-nigh—
She’s a wise though simple thing—

ATMOSPHERE

Where men lay them down to die;
Nor will under stormy sky
Laughter's airy music ring.

* * * *

In a strikingly powerful dramatic monologue by Wilfred Campbell, we find depicted the mood of a conscience-stricken soul. This poem, *Unabsolved*, is on a theme akin to that of the *Ancient Mariner*. The man who is represented as speaking was with one of the expeditions despatched to rescue Sir John Franklin's party. Being sent ahead, he saw signs of them, but through cowardice and fear of the sufferings to be endured in going still farther northward, concealed from the rest of the party his knowledge, and the search was given up. Here is a passage which illustrates very clearly our talk:

Long day by day a desolation went
Where our wan faces fared, o'er all that waste;
And I was young and filled with love of life,
And fear of ugly death as some weird black,
The enemy of love and youth and joy;
A lonely, ruined bridge at edge of night,
Fading in blackness at the outer end.

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

And those were cold, stern men I went with there,
Who held their lives as men do hold a gift
Not worth the keeping; men who told dread tales,
That made a madness in me of that waste
And all its hellish, lonely solitude,
And set my heart a-beating for the south.

Until that awful desolation ringed
My reason round, and shrunk my fearful heart.
Yea, Father, I had saved them but for this:—
Why did they send me on alone, ahead,
Poor me, the only weak one of that band,
Who was too much of coward to show my fear?
Why did life give me that mad fear of death,
To make me selfish at the very last?
Why did God give those men into my hand,
And leave them victim to a craven fear
That walked those lonely wastes in form of man?

This extract fairly bristles with words that discover to us the bleakness of the man's soul, the biting remorse that conjures up all the coldness, dreariness, and ugliness of the circumstances surrounding his crime. These are a few of such words in the opening lines: long, desolation, wan, waste, ugly, weird, black; then the picture, "A lonely ruined bridge at edge of night."

Examine these excerpts and observe

ATMOSPHERE

how the "atmosphere" is made harmonious with thought and mood:—

1. I am girt with a CASCADE OF LIGHT, with
HEARTS OF LILIES,
With YELLOW HAIR beyond all GOLD for
SHINING.

My young love's face in the midst was a FLASH-
ING JEWEL,

Her shoulders were PEARLS between the part-
ed splendor

That wavered whilst her steady eyes caressed me.

—From *The Knight of The Belt of Hair*, by
Mary Josephine Benson.

2. Slanting rain and a sky of gray,
Drifting mist and a wind astray,
The leaden end of a leaden day
And you—away!

Light in the west! The sky's pale dome
Gemmed with a star; a scented gloam
Of bursting buds and rain-wet loam
And you—at home!

—From *You*, by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.

7. Orchestral Effects

7. ORCHESTRAL EFFECTS



T will, perhaps, be somewhat disenchanting to you to be asked to believe that about half the real beauty of many a poem is due to mere sound. And yet it is true. We lose much of the beauty of a poem by not reading it aloud or by not being able to appreciate the niceties of the musical effects. Any person with an acute "ear for music" can imagine these sound effects just as readily as another person grasps the meaning of the printed symbols and puts them into words.

In calling this a talk on "orchestral effects," I have chosen an orchestra as an example of a collection of musical instruments, nearly all of which may render exactly the same musical notes, but whose tonal effects will be markedly different. You may have no special musical training, you may even have "no

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

ear for music," and yet I venture to say you can distinguish the music of the flute from that of the trombone, and that of the violin from the violoncello, and you can possibly pick out several other instruments because of the particular quality of the music. Now, I do not mean to compare the various sound-effects in poetry to the music of these instruments, but merely to point out that, as in an orchestra, we have devices in the form of different instruments to produce different tonal qualities, so in poetry we have devices for producing various classes of sound-effects.

The commonest of these devices is rhyme. This is the repetition of like sounds at the end of a line. When we get this identity of sound we must also have contrast within the same word. Sometimes the rhyme extends to two or more syllables. Occasionally, too, the rhyme is internal, that is, a word at the middle of the line rhymes with one at the end; this occurs in poetry of quick

ORCHESTRAL EFFECTS

movement. In fact, the rhyme will be found in every case to have a certain correspondence with the thought of the poem. An examination of the following extracts will show some varieties of rhyme:

I. Rhymes of one and two syllables:

1. Here's to the land of the rock and PINE!
Here's to the land of the raft and the RIVER!
Here's to the land where the sunbeams SHINE,
And the night that is bright with the North-
Lights' QUIVER!
—From *Here's To the Land*, by William Wye Smith.
2. Hard bloweth the wind, and the trees are
BEND-ING,
I weep, for my heart aches so, with a pain un-
END-ING.
Many years pass in my woe, and so shall EV-ER
Alone I mourn, my folk must see me NEV-ER.
—From *Song From An Opera*, by Florence Randall Livesay.
3. The glad, glad, days and the pleasant ways—
Ho! for the fields and the WILD-WOOD
The scents, the sights and the dear delights—
Ho! for our care-free CHILD-HOOD!
—From *Wild Strawberries*, by Jean Blewett.

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

II. Rhyme of one syllable only:

O grip the earth, ye forest TREES,
Grip well the earth to-NIGHT.
The Storm-God rides across the SEAS
To greet the morning LIGHT.

—From *The Storm*, by Frederick George Scott.

III. Internal rhyme:

When the Sleepy Man comes with the dust on his
eyes

(Oh, WEARY, my DEARIE, so WEARY!)

He shuts up the earth and opens the skies,

(So hush-a-by, WEARIE, my DEARIE!)

—From *Lullaby*, by Chas. G. D. Roberts.

2. With an angel flower-LADEN every day a dim-
pled MAIDEN

Sails away from off my bosom on a radiant sea
of bliss;

I can see her DRIFTING, DRIFTING, hear
the snowy wings UPLIFTING

As he woos her into Dreamland with a kiss.

—From *The Way to Dreamland*, by Jean Blewett.

IV. Complex rhyme. The theme
is *A Song for April*. Note the appropriateness of the rhyme effect.

List! list! The buds confer
This noonday they've had NEWS OF HER;
The south bank has had VIEWS OF HER;

ORCHESTRAL EFFECTS

The thorn shall exact DUES OF HER;
The willows adream
By the freshet stream
Shall ask what boon they CHOOSE OF HER.

—By Charles G. D. Roberts.

Repetition of whole words or phrases, like the recurring of the same note or bar in music, makes another of the “tone-color” devices of poetry. Sometimes this occurs regularly at the end of a line, and is then called a refrain or burden. The general effect is to impress strongly the particular mood of the poem.

1. Blossoming time of the fragrant May
And my heart calling you day by day;
 NEAR ONE, DEAR ONE!
The wood so green and the wood so still,
The stream that sings to the old, old mill,
The road that winds to the sun-kissed hill;
 NEAR ONE, DEAR ONE!
—From *Near One, Dear One*, by Jean Blewett.
2. The sun has KISSED THE APPLES; KISSED
 THE APPLES;
And THE APPLES hanging mellow,
Red and yellow,
All down the orchard seen,
Make a glory green.

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

THE SUN HAS KISSED THE APPLES,
KISSED THE APPLES;

And the hollow barrels wait

By the gate,

The cider-presses drip

With nectar for the lip.

—From *Apple Song*, by Charles G. D. Roberts.

Notice the whole stanza repeated, as well as certain phrases:

3. SHADOW NOW, DEAR HEART, in the little
room,

SHADOW NOW, DEAR HEART, and the
Autumn's cool,

While the days grow short, and no roses bloom!

Ah, the days that were, the dead, dead days,

Now past, nor ever again to be!

Though I seek them with tears through the in-
creasing years,

They shall never come back to me.

SNOW, NOW, DEAR HEART, on the win-
dow panes,

SNOW NOW, DEAR HEART, and the
cold winds blow,

While the days grow dark and the winter gains.

Ah, the days that were, the dear, dead days,

Now past, nor ever again to be!

Though I seek them with tears through the in-
creasing years,

They shall never come back to me.

—*The Dear Dead Days*, by J. D. Logan.

ORCHESTRAL EFFECTS

A device that is responsible for sweetness and smoothness of verse, and which is so unobtrusive as frequently to pass unnoticed, is that of assonance or vowel repetition. It consists not merely in the repetition of identical vowel sounds, but in a play upon cognate sounds, i.e., those which are nearly alike. In this way we get some approach to pitch in music, but the scale or range of the tones does not extend beyond a very limited compass. In the quotation above you will find a complex use of assonance. In the three-line stanzas there is a play upon the sounds of the letter "o"—ow, oh, oo. In the refrain there is just enough of the "o" sound to link it to the other stanzas, while within itself is a double assonance, the variations upon the sounds of "a" and "e"—these different sets of vowel sounds being themselves more closely related to each other than to the "o" group. Whenever you notice a mellow, pipe-organ music in a stanza, study up the vowel combinations and

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

you will find assonance, which by the way, is a favorite device of the Spanish poets.

Alliteration is almost as common as rhyme; it is in fact a sort of rhyme, but the similarity of sound is at the beginning of the word and not at the end; or it may be that there is an identity of sound within certain words. Here, however, the consonantal sounds resemble each other, while the vowels may differ. This was the only form of rhyme in the early Anglo-Saxon poetry.

I am Wind, the Deathless Dreamer
Of the summer world;
TranceD in SnowS of SHade and SHimmer,
On a Cloud sCarp CurleD.

Fluting through the argent SHadow
And the molten SHine
Of the golden lone-SOME SUM-mer
And its Dreams Divine.
—From *The Wind*, by Wilfred Campbell.

The correspondence of sound to sense is a device which extends from single words to whole stanzas. It is not primarily a poetic device, but the applica-

ORCHESTRAL EFFECTS

tion of one of the fundamental laws of language. Words frequently reproduce the sound which is represented. See the quotation from a lullaby and notice how the refrain, "Weary, my dearie, so weary," imitates the rocking of the cradle or rocking chair.

Additional examples of alliteration, assonance.

1. What oF all the colouRs shall I bRING you FoR
youR FaiRing,
Fit to lay your FingeRs on Fine enOUGH FoR
you?—
Yellow FoR the Ripened Rye, white For ladies'
weaRing,
Red FoR bRiaR-Roses, oR the skies' own blue?
—From *The Green Month*, by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.
2. O little hearts, beat home, beat home,
Here is no place to rest
Night darkens on the fading foam
And on the fading west.
O little hearts, beat home, beat home,
Love may no longer roam.
—From *Swallows*, by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.
3. Weep, waves of England! Nobler clay
Was ne'er to robler grave consigned;
The wild waves weep with us to-day
Who mourn a nation's master-mind.
—From *Kitchener*, by Robert J. C. Stead.

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

4. The night that wee Francesca died
The little night wind sighed and sighed.
Chill and dew-laden it crept in.
Beneath her tiny hands so thin,
I laid some little, friendly flowers
That saw her laugh in sunset hours.
—From *The Mourner*, by Louise Morey Bowman.
5. Red sunlight fades from wood and town,
The western sky is crimson-dyed,
Gaunt shadow-ships drift silent down
Upon the river's gleaming tide.
—From *A River Sunset*, by F. O. Call.
6. I left the dusty travelled road the proper people
tread—
Like solemn sheep they troop along, Tradition
at their head;
I went by meadow, stream, and wood; I wandered
at my will;
And in my wayward ears a cry of warning
echoed still:
“Beware! Beware!”—an old refrain they chanted
after me—
“The road that thou are going is the road to
Tartary.”
—From *The Road to Tartary*, by Bernard Freeman Trotter.
7. Beneath the chaste, white radiance of thy veil,
Rose-tinted mysteries and slumbering flames
Gleam hotly, through thick mists which, pale
At first, are flushed with amethystine hues,
Subtle as sunshine through the morning dews.
—From *The Opal*, by A. M. Stephen.

ORCHESTRAL EFFECTS

8. Three times we heard it calling with a low,
Insistent note; at ebb-tide on the noon;
And at the hour of dusk, when the red moon
Was rising and the tide was on the flow.
Then, at the hour of midnight once again,
Though we had entered in and shut the door
And drawn the blinds. . . .

—From *The Ground-Swell*, by E. J. Pratt.

8. Poem Tunes

8. POEM TUNES



YOU will find nearly all poems divided into what are popularly called "verses," although the student of versification will find that the term "verse" is applied to a single line, and that "stanza" is regarded for the larger division made up of a group of lines. However, let the common usage stand, and in doing so remember that a verse (stanza) of a poem is in effect like a verse of a song, forming a certain air or tune, or portion of a tune, which is repeated in the next verse.

The simplest poem tune is made of a group of two lines. It is not frequently used, because, as you may readily comprehend, it does not admit of a great deal of variety and unless skilfully handled becomes monotonous. Perhaps you will understand this better if you recall that school day classic:

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

From Wiggleton to Waggleton is fourteen miles.
And from Waggleton to Wiggleton is fourteen miles.

The second verse of that noted poem ran:

From Wiggleton to Waggleton is fourteen miles.
And from Waggleton to Wiggleton is fourteen miles.

And so on for fourteen more verses, unless you were a better fighter than the torturing bard, in which case a well-landed blow might end the agony about the middle of the third verse. Notice now some examples of a poem tune consisting of only two lines:

I

1. Her eyes—upon a summer's day
God's skies are not more blue than they.
2. Her hair—you've seen a sunbeam bold
Made up of just such threads of gold.
3. Her cheek—the leaf which nearest grows
The dewy heart of June's red rose.
—From *Margaret*, by Jean Blewett.

II

1. "Some day," I said, "before life is over,
I will shut my house door, and will be a rover."
2. Under the sky where the great stars roll,
I will search for my faith, and search for my soul.
—From *The Ballad of The Quest*, by Virna Sheard.

POEM TUNES

The three-line poem tune is somewhat of a rarity. Observe that the rhyme serves to bind the lines of the verse together just as it does in the tune which is made up of only two lines:

I

1. On this little pool where the sunbeams lie,
This tawny gold ring where the shadows die,
God doth enamel the blue of his sky.
2. Through the scented dark when the night wind
sighs
He mirrors his stars where the ripples rise
Till they glitter like prisoned fireflies.
—From *The Lily Pond*, by Virna Sheard.

II

1. I give you Life, O child, a garden fair;
I give you Love a rose that blossoms there—
I give a day to pluck it and to wear!
2. I give you Death, O child—a bloom more
great—
That, when your Rose has withered and 'tis late,
You may pass out and, smiling, close the gate!
—From *The Gifts*, by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay.

By far the commonest is the group of four lines (quatrain), which is found in a variety of forms, depending upon the number of syllable-groups to the line. In quoting illustrative examples,

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

I am giving two verses (stanzas) in each case so that you may compare them and get the impress of the tune upon your mind. Read them over, aloud, till you get the swing of the tune, and notice the arrangement of the rhyme, and its effect:

I

1. April now in morning clad
Like a gleaming Oread,
With the south wind in her voice,
Comes to bid the world rejoice.
2. With the sunlight on her brow,
Through her veil of silver showers,
April o'er New England now
Trails her robe of woodland flowers.
—From *April Now in Morning Clad*, by Bliss
Carman.

II

1. You sing of winter grey and chill,
Of silent stream and frozen lake,
Of naked woods, and winds that wake
To shriek and sob o'er vale and hill.
2. And straight we breathe the bracing air,
And see stretched out before our eyes
A white world spanned by brooding skies,
And snowflakes drifting everywhere.
3. Your song goes ringing clear and sweet—
Though on earth's bosom, bare and brown,

POEM TUNES

All willingly you laid you down,
The music is not incomplete?

4. Sleep on, it is not by the years
We measure life when all is done;
Your rest is earned, your laurels won;
Sleep, softly sleep, we say with tears.
—From *Archibald Lampman*, by Jean Blewett.

If you understand the idea of a poem tune as applied to the two, three, or four-line verses, you can go on and pick out examples of five, six, seven, eight or nine-line tunes. Frequently, however, a six-line tune is a combination of two threes, while an eight-line may be a combination of two fours. Examine carefully the following:

I

1. White are the far-off plains, and white
 The fading forests grow;
The wind dies out along the height,
 And denser still the snow.
A gathering weight on roof and tree
Falls down scarce audibly.
2. The road before me smooths and fills
 Apace, and all about
The fences dwindle, and the hills
 Are blotted slowly out;
The naked trees loom spectrally
Into the dim white sky.
—From *Snow*, by Archibald Lampman.

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

II

1. What is the blue on our flag, boys?
The waves of the boundless sea,
Where our vessels ride in their tameless pride,
And the feet of the winds are free;
From the sun and smiles of the coral isles,
To the ice of the South and North,
With dauntless tread through tempest dread,
The guardian ships go forth.
2. What is the white on our flag, boys?
The honor of our land,
Which burns in our sight like a beacon light,
And stands while the hills shall stand;
Yea, dearer than fame is our land's great name,
And we fight, wherever we be,
For the mothers and wives that pray for the
lives
Of the brave hearts over the sea.
—From *The Colors of The Flag*, by F. G. Scott.

9. Rhyme and Reason

9. RHYME AND REASON



ALTHOUGH we readily recognize rhyme as one of the chief characteristics of verse, I think it is safe to say that most persons read poetry without observing that the particular form and the special arrangement of the rhyme have to do with the nature of the theme or the manner in which it is presented.

In narrative verse, when the purpose of the poet is chiefly the telling of a story, it is more effective to keep the rhyme subordinate—the mind of the reader must not be distracted by strongly noticeable musical effects. The single syllable rhyme is the least obtrusive form, and the arrangement in couplets gives a regularity that does not affect the ear with too great prominence. Alternate single rhyme is also subdued in its effects. And further, we may notice that over-run lines, that is, lines not ending

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

with a pause, tend still more to tone down any obtrusiveness of the rhyme.

I

Speak of you, sir? You bet he did. Ben Fields was
far too sound
To go back on a fellow just because he weren't
around.
Why, sir, he thought a lot of you, and only three
months back
Says he: "The squire will sometime come a-snuffing
out our track
And give us the surprise." And so I got to thinking
then
That any day you might drop down on Rory, and
me, and Ben.
And now you've come for nothing, for the lad has
left us two,
And six long weeks ago, sir, he went beyond the
blue.

—From *Beyond the Blue*, by Pauline Johnson.

Quite different from this is the lyric in which the music of the rhyme chimes with the mood of the song. Observe also how the poem-tune binds the stanza by the rhyming of the first line with the last. In this case it is important that we should hear the rhyme, and the iteration in three successive lines makes it insistent.

RHYME AND THE REASON

II

Once more adrift.
O'er dappling sea and broad lagoon,
O'er frowning cliff and yellow dune,
The long, warm lights of afternoon
Like jewel dustings sift.
—From *The Mariner*, by Pauline Johnson.

When two-syllable rhyme recurs in a stanza we are likely to find that it is employed because of some lightsome play of fancy or to produce some imitative motion corresponding to the sense of the poem.

III

Little Lady Icicle is dreaming in the northland,
And gleaming in the northland, her pillow all a-glow.
For the frost has come and FOUND HER
With an ermine robe a-ROUND HER,
Where little Lady Icicle lies dreaming in the snow.

Little Lady Icicle is waking in the northland,
And shaking in the northland her pillow to and fro;
And the hurricane a-SKIRLING
Sends the feathers all a-WHIRLING
When little Lady Icicle is waking in the snow.
—From *Lady Icicle*, by Pauline Johnson.

The two-syllable form of rhyme may add, as we have said, some special effect such as motion—note *The Fishers*—and

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

it fits in well in humorous poetry—see *Father Stebbin's Opinions*. Three-syllable rhyme is not often found, but when used, produces striking and even grotesque effects—notice *A Song of April*. An alternation of the two-syllable form with the common one-syllable rhyme tones down the effect wonderfully, and is little more noticeable than ordinary alternate single rhyme—illustration, *Joy's City*.

IV

Where the fishers, rocking, REST-ING
Or anon, the billows, BREAST-ING,
Feel the pathos of the O-CEAN
Where they toss with constant MO-TION,
 Drifting on the sea;
All its subtle odors BREATH-ING,
Where its surges, foaming, SEETH-ING,
Blending with the moving cloud-rifts,
Woo the soft winds and the star-drifts
 O'er the mighty sea.

—From *The Fishers*, by A. D. Watson.

V

Agin he gets the waggon out
An' hitches up the SOR-RELS
An' rides ten miles teu meetin', he
Ain't braced for pious QUAR-RELS,

RHYME AND THE REASON

No, sir, he ain't! that waggon rolls
Frum corduroy to PUD-DLE,
An' that thar farmer gets his brains
Inter an easy MUD-DLE.

—From *Farmer Stebbins' Opinions*, by Isabella
Valancy Crawford.

VI

Up! up! The world's astir;
The would-be green has WORD OF HER;
Root and germ have HEARD OF HER,
Come to break
Their sleep, and wake
Their hearts with every BIRD OF HER.

—From *A Song of April*, by Charles G. D.
Roberts.

VII

Joy's city hath high battlements of gold;
Joy's city hath her streets of gem-wrought flowers;
She hath her palaces high reared and bold,
And tender shades of perfumed lily bowers;
But ever day by day, and ever night by night,
An Angel measures still our City of Delight.

—From *Joy's City*, by Isabella Valancy Crawford.

10. Verse Without Rhyme

10. VERSE WITHOUT RHYME



MOST persons who have not made a study of versification regard rhyme as the distinguishing mark of poetry. Yet there is much poetry which has no rhyme, and still more rhymed writing which is not poetry. The essential feature of poetry in regard to its form, is that it shall have a regular rhythm, or as we have frequently called it in these talks—a poem-tune. It must measure off into regularly arranged time-groups of syllables. Rhyme is one of the “Orchestral effects” or, if you like, one of the adornments and not a necessary article of dress.

Now, as I contend, the best way to study poetry is—to study poetry. Therefore, I set before you a few examples from works of Canadian writers (and, mark you, again, you will find real poetry here, just as truly as in the works of the recognized masters).

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

We are | well met. | Thou art | upon | the hour.
The plot | grows clos | er to | our wait | ed end.
The net is weaving closer, mesh by mesh,
That traps the leopard and the lioness,
I have by long connivance, secret planned,
Built 'round me many knights who hold my weal,
Jealous of Launcelot and Arthur's glory.
These will be with me when the stroke comes down.
A thousand swords will leap their scabbard mouths,
At shout of Mordred! Yea, a thousand throats
Will cry me king when my fate topples Arthur.
—From *Mordred*, by Wilfred Campbell.

You will observe that the normal line in this kind of verse contains five syllable-groups, two syllables to each group, and with the accent on the last syllable of the group. Any variation from this will correspond either to the interposition of a pause, like a rest in music, or the interpolation of a syllable, similar to the use of "grace-notes."

There is a very good reason why rhyme is not used here, and that same reason makes it incumbent on the poet to use this form of verse only with certain themes or certain treatments of a theme. To the sensitive ear, the chiming of the rhyme is always apparent, and

VERSE WITHOUT RHYME

it is evident that the attention given to the musical element must hamper somewhat the concentration of the mind upon the thought. In poems where unrhymed verse is used, it is the thought which is of the most importance, and the omission of the rhyme enables the reader to follow it without the break which comes unfailingly at the end of every line of a lyric. Some further extracts are here appended as illustrations of "blank" verse:

I

Great Mother! from the depths of forest wilds,
From mountain pass and burning sunset plain,
We, thine unlettered children of the woods,
Upraise to thee the everlasting hymn
Of nature, language of the skies and seas,
Voice of the birds and sighings of the pine,
In wintry wastes. We know none other tongue,
Nor the smooth speech that, like the shining leaves,
Hides the rough stems beneath. We bring our song,
Wood-fragrant, rough, yet autumn-streaked with
love,

And lay it as a tribute at thy feet.

—From *Wahnomin: The Indians' Jubilee Hymn*
to the Queen, by Frederick George Scott.

II

To hunt and to be hunted make existence;
For we all are chasers or the chased;

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

And some weak, luckless wretches ever seem
Flying before the hounds of circumstance,
Adown the windy gullies of this life;
Till, toppling over death's uncertain verge,
We see of them no more. Surely this day
Has been a wild epitome of life!

—From *Saul*, by Charles Heavysege.

11. Figures of Speech

II. FIGURES OF SPEECH



THE poet uses figures of speech because he wishes to make you see and because he wishes to make you feel. A figure of speech is nothing more or less than the presentation to your mind's eye of a concrete picture, or it may be of a concrete condition of feeling.

Now, if you look into a text book on rhetoric you will find an amazing list of long sounding names, of figures of speech, and perhaps a discussion as to which are "tropes" and which are "figures." But you need learn none of this in order to appreciate the value of figures of speech as used in poetry. First of all you must try to realize what has been said about picturing things or presenting conditions. Then you will be prepared to recognize that the simplest way of making clear an idea, of conveying it from your mind to the mind of the read-

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

er is to illustrate your idea by making a comparison, by representing a likeness to something with which the reader is familiar. This comparison usually begins with the words: like, as, so, etc. It must be made between objects of different classes so that there will be contrast as well as likeness. The poet seizes upon the points of resemblance, and the contrast which is implied helps to bring out more strongly the points of similarity. A few examples will make this clearer:—

1. De night was dark LAK WAN BLACK CAT.
—From *Julie Plante*, by W. H. Drummond.
2. Pensively she stands
Awaiting Easter's benediction falling,
LIKE SILVER STARS AT NIGHT.
—From *Easter*, by Pauline Johnson.
3. And LIKE THE WHITE MOTH ON THE
FLOWER
Clung the dream to my heart.
—From *Gold Dawn*, by Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.
4. Little kindred of the grass,
LIKE A SHADOW IN A GLASS,

FIGURES OF SPEECH

Falls the dark and falls the stillness;

We must rise and pass.

—From *Recessional*, by Charles G. D. Roberts.

5. From the broad rock of his breast

Hangs no sun of burnished shield;

Flows the gold-wrought toga—gold

RED AS GLARE OF HARVEST FIELD.

—From *September in Toronto*, by Isabella Valancy Crawford.

This direct comparison is not widely used by Canadian poets. They bridge with ease the gap between the direct and the implied comparison. We can imagine the fond lover saying that his sweetheart is “like a rose in June,” and we can also easily follow him when he casts aside the cloak of comparison and avers “She is a rose.” Here instead of saying that one thing is like another we call the one by the name of the other. This gives us a variety of related figures which are distinguished chiefly by the mode of presenting the concrete picture; for it is the picture that the poet wishes to present in order to reach our emotions or our understandings through the gateway of the senses.

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

The poet may seize some conspicuous detail of an object and let it stand for the whole. The sail of the keel may represent the complete vessel, according to the position in which it is seen. Again he may present an object by naming something closely associated with it—the “bottle” may represent the contents, “the sword” may stand for war. An abstract idea or an inanimate object, by a touch from the wand of imagination, may be spoken of as a living person. Sometimes this comparison may be carried through the whole poem.

When there is a special desire for strength or force of expression added to the original device of comparison we get such figures as exaggeration. Statements are made that, considered in the light of cold facts, would be regarded as altogether untrue. But the purpose is to provide a sort of mental microscope, and by multiplying the effect, obtaining the desired clearness and strength of outline. When the poet tells us “The

FIGURES OF SPEECH

waves rolled mountains high," we do not take him literally "at his word", but we get a much better idea of the ocean storm than if he had measured for us the exact height of the waves in feet and inches.

Further, the desire to realize objects or persons as concrete, living and present, leads to the device of addressing absent persons as present, dead as living, or inanimate things as if alive. Also, to express and show the feeling in the mind of the speaker, the exclamatory form is used. It may be objected that exclamation is a natural form of speech, but it is frequently employed in poetry (and in emotional prose) where ordinarily a direct statement would be used. One might for example say, "The sunset is very beautiful," and thus convey the thought in one's mind, but to exclaim, "What a beautiful sunset!" is to convey to the listener your thought, plus the emotion which lies behind it.

I trust that my readers will realize

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

that these essays are not simply to be read over as news items but that they should be re-read and the examples studied carefully. Furthermore, they should be applied to the reading of poetry generally. Herewith are given some examples of various kinds of figures:

1. Now the spring is in the town,
Now the wind is in the tree,
And the wintered KEELS go down
To the calling of the sea.
—From *The Sailing of the Fleets*, by Bliss Carman.
2. Sleep, with her tender balm, her touch so kind,
Has passed me by;
Afar I see her vesture, velvet-lined,
Float silently.
O! sleep, my tired eyes had need of thee!
Is thy sweet kiss not meant to-night for me?
—From *Overlooked*, by Pauline Johnson.
3. The sun looks over a little hill
And FLOODS THE VALLEY WITH
GOLD—
A TORRENT OF GOLD.
—From *The Bird and the Hour*, by Archibald Lampman.
4. Awake, my country, the hour is great with
change

FIGURES OF SPEECH

Under this gloom which yet obscures the land.

—From *Ode for the Canadian Confederacy*, by

Charles G. D. Roberts.

5. He is the VIOLIN OF GOD, I know,
For through his heart all nature's voices flow;
And God doth PLAY THE SONGS of tossing
 seas,
And winds, and stars, and dryad-haunted trees
Upon his COSMIC INSTRUMENT, in tune
With winter's blasts. . . .
 —From *The Poet*, by Francis Callaghan.

6. Laughter wears a lilied gown—
She is but a simple thing;
Laughter's eyes are water-brown,
Ever glancing up and down
Like a woodbird's restless wing.
—From *Laughter*, by Isabella Valancy Crawford.

12. Nature in Poetry

12. NATURE IN POETRY



HERE are three entities with which poetry, in varying degrees, concerns itself—Man, Nature, God. The order in which I have named them is indicative of man's intellectual and spiritual progress. You may believe that man was placed upon this earth a fully developed being. Perhaps he was—perhaps not. The story of the human race seems to show that he arrived only by slow and painful degrees to the position of the most completely matured being in all the world, if not in all the universe.

Nature has had much to do with man's growth—mental and spiritual: Nature has had a great part in creating man's soul and enabling him to arrive at a realization of divinity and an understanding of God. (This statement may sound unorthodox, but it is in no

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

wise irreverent or irreligious). So far as we can trace the progress of any individual race, we find that the first step upwards from a mere knowledge of his own existence was man's realization of Nature as some force or entity apart from himself.

Poetry is an expression of conditions of mind and soul—the condition must already exist in the race or nation before the poet gives utterance to it. The poet is largely the vehicle of expression of the ideas and emotions of his fellow-beings. He speaks for many of us who are inarticulate, and we recognize that he has made articulate our own experiences.

Possibly the reason why fiction is a much more popular form of reading than poetry is that it makes slighter demands upon our mental energy. The novelist does not require you to *share* the experience—he asks you to *view* it. But you will get a negligible dividend from your investment in a poem if you

NATURE IN POETRY

do not become imaginatively a participant in its experiences.

The primitive poetic idea peopled the world of Nature with superhuman beings, similar in most ways to the humans themselves. They were interpreting Nature from their own experiential knowledge. They saw effects and they attempted to ascribe causes. Some of these superhumans were so physically (gods); others were so spiritually or mentally (fairies, spirits, etc.).

So the human race in its conception of Nature passed through much the same stages that the individual human being of the present day passes in the journey from infancy to life's fruition.

What we are to attempt is an examination of some of the differing aspects of the poet's treatment of Nature. He may consider it simply from its external appearances and effects as an object outside of himself; or he may treat it subjectively by showing how it has worked upon his inner consciousness

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

and how he has endeavored to interpret it.

The first form we shall notice is the expression of simple, sensuous, unreflecting enjoyment; sheer delight in the appeal of Nature to the physical senses. And it is quite natural that we should find much of this type of nature verse among our earliest Canadian poetry. In the poems of Charles Mair, Charles Sangster, Susanna Moodie, William Wye Smith and many others—especially when they escaped from the influences of the poets of the Old Land and sang with a truly nativistic Canadian note—will be found this method of treatment. The following excerpts will illustrate this:—

Dressed in robes of gorgeous hue,
Brown and gold with crimson blent;
The forest to the waters blue
Its own enchanting tints has lent;
In their dark depths, life-like glowing,
We see a second forest growing,
Each pictured leaf and branch bestowing
A fairy grace to that twin wood,
Mirror'd within the crystal flood.

NATURE IN POETRY

'Tis pleasant now in forest shades;
The Indian hunter strings his bow,
To track through dark, entangling glades
The antlered deer and bounding doe,
Or launch at night the birch canoe,
To spear the finny tribes that dwell
On sandy bank, in weedy cell,
Or pool the fisher knows right well—
Seen by the red and vivid glow
Of pine torch at the vessel's bow.

—From *Indian Summer*, by Susanna Moodie.

Here's to the Land of the rock and the pine!
Here's to the Land of the raft and the river!
Here's to the Land where the sunbeams shine,
And the night that is bright with the North-Lights'
quiver!

. . . .

Here's to the Land with its blanket of snow.—
To the hero and hunter the welcomest pillow.
Here's to the Land where the stormy winds blow
Three days ere the mountains can talk to the billow.

. . . .

Here's to the hills of the moose and the deer.
Here's to her forests her fields and her flowers.
Here's to the homes of unchangeable cheer,
And the maid 'neath the shade of her own native
bowers.

—From *Here's to The Land*, by William Wye
Smith.

Miles and miles of lake and forest,
Miles and miles of sky and mist;
Marsh and shoreland, where the rushes

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

Rustle, wind and water kissed;
Where the lake's great face is driving,
Driving, drifting into mist.

—From *Lake Huron*, by Wilfred Campbell.

Another aspect of the use of Nature is closely allied to this—the purely descriptive. Many of our younger poets begin with this type and it is found frequently even in the work of such well known poets as Charles G. D. Roberts:

A high bare field, brown from the plough, and
borne
Aslant from sunset; amber wastes of sky
Washing the ridge; a clamour of crows that fly
In from the wide flats. . . .

—From *The Potato Harvest*.

What we might regard as a variation of this same species is the use of Nature as a decorative or pictorial background. This is almost invariably the way in which Marjorie Pickthall uses Nature. Without discounting the beauty and artistry of her work we must refuse to class her as a recent magazine essay does as almost an equal of Lampman as a Na-

NATURE IN POETRY

ture poet. Here is a typical example of the decorative usage:—

Under the young moon's slender shield
With the wind's cool lips on mine,
I went home from the Rabby field
As the clocks were striking nine.

The yews were dark in the level light,
The thorn-trees dropped with gold,
And a partridge called where the dew was white
In the grass on the edge of the fold.

O, had your hand been in my hand
As the long chalk-road I trod,
The green hills of the lovely land
Had seemed the hills of God.

—From *Going Home*, by Marjorie Pickthall.

Again, the poet uses Nature to create an atmosphere in harmony with the mood. We all realize that it is much easier to feel happy on a bright, sunshiny day than when it is grey and rainy. And the poet can find in Nature a fitting background for almost any mood.

Grey rocks and greyer sea,
And surf along the shore—
And in my heart a name
My lips shall speak no more.

—From *Grey Rocks and Greyer Sea*, by Charles G.
D. Roberts.

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

But instead of using Nature to surround the experience or mood with a harmonious atmosphere, the poet may make it serve as a foil, and heighten the effect of the mood by using contrast instead of harmony.

Ripples that run so gladly
To the sands of the broken shore,
I wish that I knew your meaning
And I would ask no more.

My heart is bitter with sorrow
For the years that are long gone,
And there is no consolation
That I may dwell upon.

'Tis idle to sway and glitter
And make a sound of mirth,
The human heart is hungry
For comfort on the earth.

Is all that you can tell me
As you waver and sparkle and glance,
That after the scourge of tempest
You still can laugh and dance?

If this is the depth of your meaning,
Rave, on, or murmur, or cease,
My heart is riven with sorrow
And cannot be at peace.

—From *By the Shore*, by Duncan Campbell
Scott.

NATURE IN POETRY

One relic of ancient mythology (which was largely an attempt to interpret Nature) is that attitude of mind which conceives the forces of Nature as hostile to man and striving to accomplish his destruction—the thunderbolts of Jove—the angry sea-horses of Neptune, etc. We find this belief reflected in poems which present Nature as unsympathetic—

Oh! the shambling sea is a sexton old,
And well his work is done,
With an equal grave for lord and knave,
He buries them every one.

Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,
He makes for the nearest shore;
And God who send him a thousand ship,
Will send him a thousand more;
But some he'll save for a bleaching grave,
And shoulder them in to shore—
Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,
Shoulder them in to shore.

—From *The Grave Digger*, by Bliss Carman.

There are other ways in which Nature is dealt with objectively, but we will now move to a higher plane—for there is such a thing as greater or lesser in the

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

arts—and there is a distinction between poems and perhaps poets as greater and lesser but it has a deeper basis than personal like or dislikes.

The elements of poetry are: (1) Images—pictures—concrete sense images of any kind—sounds, tastes, etc. (2) Emotions. (3) Ideas. (4) Melody. (5) Action or Progression. And these are bound together by an interweaving chain—Human Interest. Only the poetry which combines all these elements can be considered of the first rank. And if a piece of writing has only one or two of these elements I do not know why it should be called poetry at all. That is why most of the co-called Impressionistic Free Verse cannot be admitted as poetry. But the writer will argue: “I don’t want to be trammelled by cast-iron forms. I want to express myself as I like. Well, melody always has been, always will be an essential of true poetry, but it is not only melody that most of this free verse lacks. It is very often

NATURE IN POETRY

nothing but a succession of word pictures, lacking Ideas—lacking Emotion, and lacking Human Interest.

The second grand division of poetry is the subjective—the poetry that ^{not} only describes Nature and expresses enjoyment in it but interprets it. And I know no better explanation of this than a poem which is to my mind an exquisitely beautiful summing up of the whole aspect of the interpretation of Nature in poetry.

I took a day to search for God,
And found Him not. But as I trod
By rocky ledge, through woods untamed,
Just where one scarlet lily flamed,
I saw his glory in the sod.

Then suddenly all unaware,
Far off in the deep shadows, where
A solitary hermit thrush
Sang through the holy twilight hush—
I heard his voice upon the air.

And even as I marvelled how
God gives us Heaven here and now
In a stir of wind that hardly shook
The poplar leaves beside the brook—
His hand was light upon my brow.

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

At last at evening as I turned
Homeward, and thought what I had learned
And all that there was still to probe—
I caught the glory of his robe,
Where the last fires of sunset burned.

Back to the world with quickening start
I looked, and longed for any part
In making saving Beauty be
And from that kindling ecstasy
I knew God dwelt within my heart.

—*Vestigia*, by Bliss Carman.

We pass from the interpretative poem to the symbolic. This, I think, is the acme of poetic art—but in the greatest works of art the significance is not always obvious. They need to be taken home to each of us—to be solved from our own inner experiences. You may say all poems must be. True, but with the former types the application of most of the poems is more or less common formula. We will take concrete examples:—

There is a Mermaid in the Bay
And she hath called me forth to sup,
To eat the white flesh of the moon
And drain the tide from out her cup,

NATURE IN POETRY

Her table is amid the rocks
And all day long her arms swing free
A-gathering in the threads of foam
To weave a supper cloth for me.

. . . .

But till her supper cloth is done,
Pale fringed with tassels of the dawn
Gold hemmed with threads of summer sun,
God wots I wait her on the land,
Until I hear the seaweeds stir
And know it is His saintly will
I should go forth and sup with her.
—From *The Mermaid*, by Archibald Sullivan.

Softly the darkness folds the sun away,
And on the hill-paths, treading to and fro,
Unwearied though they fared with me to-day,
The younger travellers go.

I lean across my window, looking down,
The court is dark with sombre pine and fir,
But in the lighted places of the town,
The folk are all astir.

“And these,” I said, “will jest to-night a while,
Will sleep, and dream, and waken with the dawn,
To take the road again for many a mile,
But I shall not go on.

“I do not bid the good host waken me,
For when I sleep, I shall not soon awake;
Ah, rest me soon! I have no will to see
The path I may not take.

—From *The Last Tavern*, by Frances Beatrice
Taylor.

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

Similarly the Vision as revealed through the beauties of Nature is expressed in:

I saw God in a golden cloud
Of broom upon the green
Of hills wherever His breath awoke
Music of choirs unseen.

.

Then robed in green and gold, the earth
Is vocal. Symphonies outswell
From every wayside hedge. The rocks'
Scarred lips intone a canticle.

"Awake!" the voice of Beauty cries
In words of rippling fire,
A million fragrant blossoms bend
In answer to her lyre.

And we, who see the writing traced,
Know that a hand is there
Which, clasping, we may be akin
To earth and fire and air.

—From *The Broom*, by A. M. Stephen.

Critics may criticise and poets may object to criticism—but the fundamental principles of poetry are made neither by critics nor by poets. They are not matters of opinion—they are fixed, unalterable, eternal principles. You can have no true poetry without the under-

NATURE IN POETRY

lying knowledge of Man—the being with almost illimitable possibilities of achievement; Nature—the expression of highest beauty and the revelation of divinity; God—the surrounding and all permeating influence of Life.

Appendix

BIOGRAPHICAL AND BIBLIO- GRAPHICAL NOTES

These brief notes on the authors quoted in this book are appended for the guidance of those who may wish to pursue the study of Canadian poetry. The bibliographical notes are not in any sense exhaustive, but merely give the most recent publications or those readily available in book stores or in libraries.

MARY JOSEPHINE BENSON (Mrs. (Dr.) H. W. Benson). Is a daughter of the late Rev. John E. Trotter. Wrote poetry and sketches for Canadian journals. Resides in Port Hope, Ontario. *My Pocket Beryl* (1922).

JEAN BLEWETT (Mrs.). Was born at Scotland, Ontario, maiden name, McKishnie. Resides in Toronto. Poet, journalist, story writer, and department editor. Collected edition of her verse: *Jean Blewett's Poems*. (1922).

LOUISE MOREY BOWMAN (Mrs. A. A. Bowman). A resident of Toronto. Was born in Canada, educated in a private school in Massachusetts. *Moonlight and Common Day* (1922).

WILFRED W. CAMPBELL (1861-1918). A native of Ontario. For many years connected with the archives department at Ottawa. *Collected Poems* (new ed. 1923); *Sagas of Vaster Britain; Poetical Tragedies*.

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

ISABELLA VALANCY CRAWFORD (1854-1887). Born near Dublin, Ireland. Came to Canada at age of five. Lived in Peterboro and afterwards in Toronto. *Collected Poems*, edited by John W. Garvin, B.A.

FRANK OLIVER CALL. A native of Quebec. Professor of English at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Que. *Songs in a Belgian Garden; Acanthus and Wild Grape*.

BLISS CARMAN. Born in Fredericton, N.B. 1861. Was for many years engaged in literary work in New York. Resides now chiefly at New Canaan, Conn. Has published numerous small volumes of poetry also prose essays. Most of his best work is included in the two collections—*Later Poems* (1922), *Ballads and Lyrics* (1923).

FRANCIS CALLAGHAN. A Winnipeg youth who celebrated his twenty-first year by publishing a volume of poems and going on a walking tour through England. *The Reed and the Cross* (1923).

JAMES B. DOLLARD (Rev). Born in Kilkenny, Ireland 1872. Came to Canada 1890. Parish priest in one of the leading parishes of Toronto. Has published several books of verse, *Irish Lyrics and Ballads* most recent.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND (1854-1907). Born in Ireland. Educated for the profession of medicine in Canada, practised in Montreal. Died at Cobalt, Ont. *Collected Poems*.

CHARLES HEAVYSEGE. A native of England. Was cabinet maker and journalist in Montreal. *Saul* (1857); *Jephthah's Daughter* (1865).

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

PAULINE JOHNSON. Born at "Chiefswood," Six Nations reserve, near Brantford, in 1862. Her father was chief of the Mohawk Indians, her mother Emily S. Howells, an Englishwoman. She gave public recitals of her poems in Canada, the United States and England. Died at Vancouver and is buried in Stanley Park. Collected poems entitled, *Flint and Feather*.

JOHN DANIEL LOGAN. Born in Antigonish, N.S., 1869. Educated at Dalhousie and Harvard Universities. Journalist, literary, musical, and dramatic critic, also a poet of distinction. Lecturer on Canadian Literature. Resides in Halifax. Has published a number of small volumes of verse.

FLORENCE RANDALL LIVESAY was born at Compton, Que. She did editorial work on newspapers in Ottawa and Winnipeg, also wrote many poems, stories and articles. *Songs of Ukraina; Shepherd's Purse* (1923).

ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN, (1861-1899). Born at Morpeth, Ontario. Was a High School teacher, afterwards member of the Civil Service at Ottawa. *Complete Poems*, with memoir by Duncan Campbell Scott (1900); (new edition, 1923).

J. LEWIS MILLIGAN. Born in Liverpool. Came to Canada in 1911. Journalist. *Songs in Time's Despite* (1910); *The Beckoning Skyline* (1921).

SUSANNA MOODIE. Born in Suffolk, England, 1803. Came to Canada 1832. Lived on a pioneer farm near Peterboro, afterwards removing to Belleville. *Roughing it in the Bush* (new ed. 1923) contains poetry interspersed throughout.

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY. Born at Woodstock, Ont. Now a resident of Vancouver. Novelist and poet. *The Shining Ship*, a book of children's verse; *Fires of Driftwood* (1922).

CHARLES MAIR. Born at Lanark, Ont. Has resided for many years in western Canada. *Dreamland and Other Poems* (1868); *Tecumseh: A Drama* (1886).

E. J. PRATT. Is a Newfoundlander who came to Toronto some years ago to study theology and later joined the staff of Victoria College. *Newfoundland Verse* (1923).

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL. Born in London, England, 1883. Came to Toronto 1890. A writer of verse, short stories and fiction. Died at Vancouver. *The Drift of Pinions*; *The Lamp of Poor Souls*; *The Wood Carver's Wife*.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. Born near Fredericton, N.B., 1860. Editor of *Toronto Week* (1883), afterwards Professor of English, King's College, Windsor, N.S. Removed to New York, later to England. *Collected Poems* (1907).

CHARLES SANGSTER (1822-1893). A native of Kingston, Ont. *St. Lawrence and Saguenay and Other Poems* (1856); *The Hesperus and Other Poems and Lyrics* (1860).

ROBERT J. C. STEAD. Born near Lanark Village, Ontario, 1880. Pioneered as a boy in Manitoba. Moved to Alberta, thence to Ottawa. Connected with Dominion Department of Immigration. Wrote a number of novels. Poems collected in a volume, *Kitchener and Other Poems* (1917).

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

DUNCAN CAMPBELL SCOTT. Is Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Dominion. Lives in Ottawa. *Beauty and Life* (1922); *Lundy's Lane and Other Poems*.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT. Born in Montreal. Resides in Quebec city. A Canon of the Anglican Church. *Poems* (collected edition) published 1910.

WILLIAM WYE SMITH (1827-1917). Was born in Jedburgh, Scotland. Settled in Canada 1837. Was for a time a teacher, afterwards a journalist, later a clergyman. *Collected Poems*.

VIRNA SHEARD (Mrs. Charles Sheard). A resident of Toronto. Novelist and poet. *The Ballad of the Quest* (1922); *The Miracle and Other Poems*.

A. M. STEPHEN. Born at Hanover, Ontario. Now a resident of Vancouver. Follows the profession of architecture and engineering. *The Rosary of Pan* (1923).

ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN. Son of the late Bishop Sullivan of Algoma, and brother of Alan Sullivan, Canadian novelist. Died a few years ago in New York. Wrote considerable fugitive verse of rare beauty.

FRANCES BEATRICE TAYLOR. A resident of London, Ontario. Journalist. Has written considerable verse of distinctive originality. Divided honors for first place in a Dominion-wide poetry competition.

BERNARD FREEMAN TROTTER. Spent his boyhood in Nova Scotia, attended McMaster University, where his father the late Rev. Thomas Trotter was a professor. Killed overseas in 1916. *A Canadian Twilight and Other Poems*.

THE APPEAL OF POETRY

ALBERT DURRANT WATSON. Born in Dixie, Peel Co., 1859. A practising physician in Toronto. Has published several books, prose and poetry. Poetry: *The Wing of the Wild Bird; Love and the Universe; In the Heart of the Hills; Woman.*

ANTHOLOGIES AND SELECTIONS

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Canadian Singers and Their Songs, edited by E. S. Caswell.

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